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Sept. 30, 1911

Gift of

The English Department

A N E V V

Protestant Litany

19
From the Race of Ignatius, and all their Colleagues,
From all the long Counsels of *Bougres* and *Teague*,
And from Papacy Rampant, and all her Intreigues,
Libera Nos, &c.

From Cobweb-Laun-Charters, from sham-freedom Banters,
Our Liberty-keepers, and New Gospel Planters,
In the trusty kind hands of our great *Quo Warrantors*,
Libera Nos, &c.

From High Court Commissions, to Rome to Rejoyn us,
From a *Rhodomant* Chanc'lour, the Western Judge *Minos*,
Made Head of our Church by new *Jure Divins*,
Libera Nos, &c.

From our great Test Records, cut out into Thrums,
From Waste Paper Laws us'd with Pasties and Plums,
Magna Charta, Magna Farta, made Fodder for Burns,
Libera Nos, &c.

A

From

L. 1689

From a new-found *Stone-Doublet* to th' old Sleeve; of *Laun*,
 And all to make Room for the *Pope-Lander-Spawn*;
 To see a Babe Born, through *Bed-Curtains Close Drawn*,

Libera Nos, &c.

From resolving o're Night, where to lye-in to *Morrow*,
 And from cunning *Back-door* to let *Midwife* thorow,
 Eight Months *Full-grown* Man-Child, Born without *Pang* or
 (Sorrow.

Libera Nos, &c.

From a Godfather *Pope* to the Heir of a *Throne*;
 From Three Christian Names to one *Sir-name* unknown,
 With a *Tyler* Milch-Nurse, now the Mother's Milk's gone,

Libera Nos, &c.

From *Gun-Powder-Bonfires*, all turned out of play,
 Not a poor Window Candle dare to give a *stoln Ray*,
 But all kept reserv'd for Great *Simmels* Birth Day,

Libera Nos, &c.

From *Dad Petre* Pilots at th' Helm to befriend us,
 With all Hands that *Pope*, *Turk*, or *Devil* can lend us,
 And all from a *Second Queen-Bess* to defend us,

Libera Nos, &c.

From *Nuntio's* from *Rome* to consult how to drub
 The Protestant *Hydra* by our *Hercules Club*;
 And a *Warming-Pan-Plot*, worse then *Celiers Meal-Tub*,

Libera Nos, &c.

From

From old Hundred of Thousand Pound Fines under-rated
Russels Head for his Common-House-Votes Elevated,
 And *Essex's* Razour at *Rome* Consecrated,

Libera Nos, &c.

From *Sampson-Cord* Oaths, Inapt asunder with Ease;
 From No faith in *Mam*, *Colemans* Mouth with a Squeeze
 Stopt to tell no more Tales of Father *Le-chese*,

Libera Nos, &c.

From old *Dunkirk* sold for a Song and a Dance,
 The Protestant long-design'd Cause to Advance.
 By Most Christian Reformers, the *Dragoons* of France,

Libera Nos, &c.

From supporting our Church *Atamode Magdalano*,
 From *Mahomet Monsiuer* our new Lord *Soldano*,
 And the English Pipes tun'd to French *Fistula in ano*,

Libera Nos, &c.

From *Tyrconnels* Bogtrotters at th' old Trade of Throat-
 (Cutting,

From new Conqu'ring *Ireland* for th' English old footing,
 And from Sacrament Oaths of *North-Heresie* Rooting,

Libera Nos, &c.

From Judges with *Epsom* and *Dudleys* Infection,
 From Knaves in Fools Coats, by *Infalible* Direction,
 Raising Heretick Armies for the Roman Protection,

Libera Nos, &c.

From threecore thousand Crowns, under Planet malignant
Given Loretto's great Lady, that famous Heav'n-Regnant,
To purchase no more then a poor Cushion Pregnant;

Libera Nos, &c.

From a Courage of Steel with Intellects Leaden,
From Renouncing Three Crowns, and all for God-Bredden,
To follow the Dance of Christain of Sweeden,

Libera Nos, &c.

From giving our Parliament Writs a withdraw,
Our last Game for preventing of Justice, and Law,
In hopes of Concealing our dear Cloven Paw,

Libera Nos, &c.

FINIS.

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MDCLXXXIX.

